What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us; you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle Gull the Cuckowes bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That even our love durſt not come neere your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were inforc't for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe have forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By unkinde uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Swore to us in your younger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeede you have articulate,
Proclaym'd at Market-croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor muddy Beggers, ſtarving for a time,
Of pel-mell havocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a ſoule,
Shall pay full dearely for this incounter,
If once they joyne in tryall: tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth joyne with all the world

In